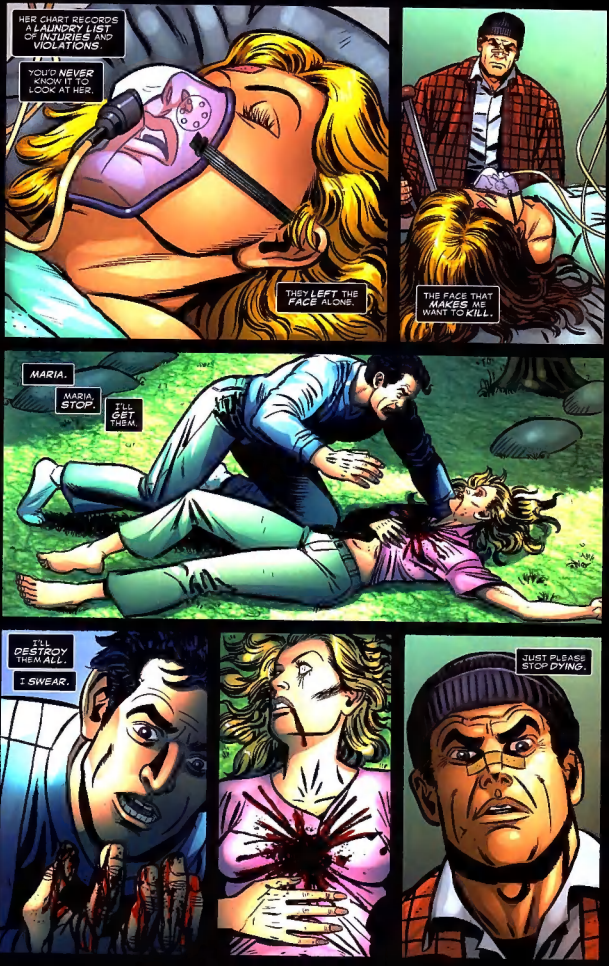
WEEOOOWEEOOW
DAREDEVIL HIT ME WITH THAT...CLUB--
SIRENS...
POLICE.
WEEOOOWEE
MY FOOT IS WET.
MY FOOT IS COLD.
DAREDEVIL DID THIS.
BECAUSE I SHOT A MAN.
RUMM
I SHOT AN INNOCENT MAN.
CRUNCH
VROOM
EEE--

EEE--
SLAM
HUFF...
CLOP
CLOP
BASTELLI'S
DINER
HUFF...
HUFF... HUFF... HUFF...
EMS
NYPD
POLICE
OH, DEAR GOD...

MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL.
ALL OVER THE CITY, CHAOS REIGNS.
AND TRY AS HE MIGHT TO STOP IT, DAREDEVIL FEELS IT SLIPPING THROUGH HIS FINGERS.
JUST LIKE THE LIFE OF THIS TWO-HUNDRED-FIFTY-POUND MAN HE'S CARRIED TWELVE BLOCKS.
IN THE RAIN.
FOR ALL OF IT. HE BLAMES ONE MAN. FRANK CASTLE.
THE PUNISHER.
NOW HE'S CROSSED THE LINE.
THE UNRAVELING!
DAVID LAPHAM WRITER, PENCILER AND INKER
EDGAR DELGADO COLORS
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERS
WARREN SIMONS EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

I'VE LOST MY EDGE.
THIS BUSINESS WITH THE JACKAL HAS ME OUT OF MY HEAD.
MADE ME WORTHLESS.
THE NEWS IS STILL DRONING ON AND ON ABOUT THAT CORRUPT D.A.
THEY DON'T EVEN MENTION THE INNOCENT MAN I SHOT.
JUST A HOMELESS, NAMELESS FACE. NOT NEWSWORTHY.
I'D PUT MY FIST THROUGH THE SCREEN IF I HAD THE STRENGTH TO MOVE.
THE NEWSCASTER MENTIONS A NAME. A FAMILIAR NAME.
BASTELLI.
THIS IS FOOLISH.


HER CHART RECORDS A LAUNDRY LIST OF INJURIES AND VIOLATIONS.
YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT TO LOOK AT HER.
THEY LEFT THE FACE ALONE.
THE FACE THAT MAKES ME WANT TO KILL.
MARIA.
MARIA. STOP.
I'LL GET THEM.
I'LL DESTROY THEM ALL.
I SWEAR.
JUST PLEASE STOP DYING.

THIS IS YOUR FAULT!
I--I BOUGHT A GUN... BECAUSE OF YOU!
I--I--I WANTED TO BE LIKE YOU!

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HALLWAY PUSHING A DIRTY MOP TOWARD HIM.
HIS HEARTBEAT IS QUICK WITH ANTICIPATION.
HE'S NOT A JANITOR.

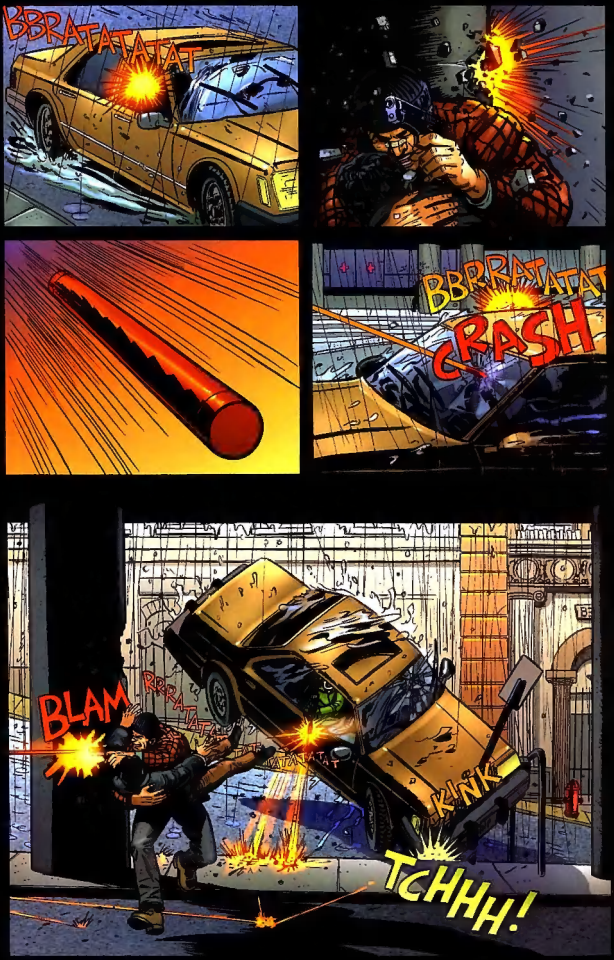
BOY, IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOU HERE.
I'M NOT LEAVING MY SISTER.

LET GO OF ME--
THUNK

OF COURSE HE'D BE HERE.
WHY WOULDN'T HE BE?

WE'RE LEAVING NOW, BOY.
DON'T MAKE ME CARRY YOU.

MERCY GENERAL HOSPIT
WAIT! WAIT!
I CAN'T LEAVE! WHAT IF THEY COME BACK FOR HER?
THEY'LL COME BACK FOR YOU, BOY!
YOUR SISTER HAS A BETTER CHANCE WITH YOU SOMEPLACE ELSE.
THEN YOU STAY. YOU PROTECT US!
NO.
THEY'D BOTH HAVE A BETTER CHANCE WITH ME SOMEPLACE ELSE.
PLEASE!
AT-AT LEAST TAKE ME HOME TO GET SOME OF HER THINGS. AT LEAST--
BLAM
AHH!
THERE'D BE ONE INSIDE, WAITING ON THE BOY.
BUT ONCE THEY'D MADE ME--
DEPENDING ON WHEN THEY MADE ME--
THEY'LL COME HARD.
BLAM
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
STOP SQUIRMING.
SPAK
POK
RRRRR
THEY'LL COME FAST.


BBRATATATAT
BBRRATATATAT
CRASH
BLAM
RRRATATATAT
KINK
TCHHH!

UNFF!
BLAM
BLAM
THIS IS UNWORKABLE.
BLAM
BLAM
BUDDA
BLAM
THE CROOKED COPS WILL BE HERE IN SECONDS.
A STREAK OF RED.
BUDDA
BUDDA
POW
POW
FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THE LAST TEN SECONDS, HE SAVES ME.
FAP
I HAVE TO GET THE BOY--
THE BOY?

UNGH!
THUNK
BOY... WHERE'S THAT FIRE ESCAPE?
THERE ARE ALMOST FORTY THOUSAND POLICE IN NEW YORK CITY.
S.W.A.T.
AT LEAST HALF OF THEM ARE HERE.
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?
WHAT YOU CAN DO, FRANK, IS SURRENDER.
YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DO THAT?